



The Wonder of SURRY!

O R,

Who perswaded A—I B—
to run away?

Tune—MOL ROW.

SOME People Write Tests for their Readers
Whilst other Folks love for to Sing
The Conduct and Sense of our Leaders,
and the Courage of *Admiral Byng*.

A Fleet was Equip'd with *Commanders*
Too weak,— and Too late in the Spring
Some as good as any in *Flanders*,
Was sent Too with A—I B—g

At length came the Twentieth of May,
And a bloody fierce *Fight* it did bring
When *GALASSONIER* Ran away,
And so did *Rear A— B*

Yet both had a Victory to boast,
and both a Te-Deum to sing,
GALASSONIER nearer the Coast,
And a Little way off *Mr. BYNG*

At Length He descry'd from the Head
The Enemy in the Offing,
A Council of WAR *strait* he call'd,
and These came to A— B—.

Cornwallis and *Bertie* and *Stewart*,
With *Effingham* *Howard* I sing,
And when in Council they met,
To Them, thus said A—B—.

Noble Lords and *Commanders* so Gay
shall we give 'em another Drubbing,
Or else shall we *morris* away?
“Why let us *March* off *Mr. Byng*.

Shall I send you to *BLAKENEY* on shore.
He'll shew you a *Caunonading,
“We like your safe *method* much more
“So We'll stay with You A—B—

To *Gibraltar* Then shall We *Retreat*
Our *Minutes* to send to the King
“He'll surely be glad to See't
and he ll Thank you great A—B—

What Hopes can we e'er Entertain,
If all These *Commanders* dont Swing.
And —if ever they sue for Renown,
Give instead of a Ribbon, a STRING

Then silence ye *Songsters* and poor *Bards*,
and Ring the Bells backwards *Dong Ding*,
He never lov'd any thing forwards
and was always *Rear Admiral Byng*.

* A term made Use of in a Letter, by one of
these Heroes